

Akala - Bang with Us? Lyrics

We've been on this ting for so long now
10 years at the top of my craft
Maybe not at the top of the charts
But who could tell me what independent touring the globe
And flows as cold as winter was in hand me down clothes
Live shows of the chain Toussaint
Seems I was born to be what you ain't
A man that uses his art to fight
But still prospers in these hard times
So what's to hate when you're known around the globe, it's great
And their known around the globe, it's fake
The respects so high that
Left you in a jail full of lifers
A man sit in silence, try that
You can't buy that, nah bruv, I am that
Not because I'm a killer but because I'm a [?] black
Cause contrary to the rumours
Our community is not a bunch of delinquents, we are students
But don't respect the system made by the killers
The ones that paint us as the villains
Back to the spittin'
Listen, who's really my competition?
Really? Is there somethin' that I'm missin'?
These kids are kittens fighting with a pitbull
Carefull my brother you'll get your ship pulled

Who can bang with us? None (What!)
Who will stand with us? Come (What!)
Who's still doubting us? Dumb (What!)
We've been on this ting for so long now
You can't bang with us, none
You won't stand with us, son
You still doubting us, dumb
We've been on this ting for so long now

I got man puzzled like "I don't get it
How is he still so well with so much message"
Don't diss the sisters, celebrate killing other blacks
But still so fuckin' hard when he raps
I give you a tip, swag through the roof
It's no excuse to be boring cause you tell the truth
When it's said and done, I'm still the same as when I started
Ain't having a bar for none of these artists
That not giving a fuck gives me strength
Now I don't use it on us, use it on them
But defend what I have to

Sit down Matthew
Just one if my deciples, take notes
This is not music, this here is a sport
Who's ready for the ring ring fire?
You man are wetter than man's hair in Shoreditch
I think it's time to retire, heir

Who can bang with us? None (What!)
Who will stand with us? Come (What!)
Who's still doubting us? Dumb (What!)
We've been on this ting for so long now
You can't bang with us, none
You won't stand with us, son
You still doubting us, dumb
We've been on this ting for so long now

It's the father, you can call me uncle Akala
What's the palava with Ghana
Fans here to Ghana, globe, every corner
Punish every punk that is posing the hardest
Told you we tarnish those that are garbage
Get left for dead for opposing the carnage
So who's next, who's the best of me clones?
Take out a town like Obama with the drones
Known for the poems that scorch gin, poor ting
Probably [?] a 12 year old girls gassed at your king
But we are grown me so only grown women
And real hip hop heads, we care for their opinion
But where are my dominions?
I swear that your Brazilian
The way you got brutalised within your own kingdom
By this German efficiency, without the bigotry
Harder than the life of a black man in Italy

Who can bang with us? None (What!)
Who will stand with us? Come (What!)
Who's still doubting us? Dumb (What!)
We've been on this ting for so long now
You can't bang with us, none
You won't stand with us, son
You still doubting us, dumb
We've been on this ting for so long now